

SCOTLAND'S REJOICING;

OR, A Gratulatorie Poem upon his ROYAL HIGHNESS Arrival into

SCOTLAND.

To be sung with a pleasant New Tune.

May halfdead spirits now revive,
and clouds of grief quite banisht be

For reason of this quick survive,
the aproach of *James of Albanie*:
of Albanie, of Albanie.

let's all with one consent agree;
And pray still for that Royal Race,
And IAMES, the Duke of Albanie.
Let's thankful prove for these blest dayes,
and all with pen and tongue agree;
To welcome, write, and sing the praise,
of James the Duke of Albanie.

Of Albanie &c.

His Wit, his Valour and his Grace,
his goodness, and his piete,
Do shew of what a Royal Race,
is *James, the Duke of Albanie,*
Of Albanie, &c.

His prailes, I will ever sing,
and humbly beg upon my knee,
God to preserve our Royal King.
and *James the Duke of Albanie*:
Of Albanie, &c.

The *Commons* now are at a stand,
and evermore I hope shall be:
For *Scotland* will be help at hand,
for *James the Duke of Albanie,*
Of Albanie, &c.

A braver Nation he can not have,
for Truth, for Love, for Loyaltie,
Each man will fight unto his Grave,
for *James the Duke of Albanie.*
Of Albanie, &c.

A souldier stout he is and brave,
as ever any man did see,
God bless our King and Queen, and save
our *James, the Duke of Albanie.*
Of Albanie, &c.

He very wise and prudent is,
and generous in Majestie,
Let all good subjects still him bless,
and Love brave *James of Albanie.*
Of Albanie, &c.

All Loyal subjects now reioice,
and honour him in each degree,
Next to the King he is our choise
brave *James Duke of Albanie.*
Of Albanie, &c.

Then let our reason our will sway,
and every one upon his knee:
I do not mean to drink but pray

for *James the Duke of Albanie.*
Of Albanie, &c.

There is no man so mad to think
that drinking can availing be,
It's better to fight then drink,
for *James the Duke of Albanie,*
Of Albanie, &c.

Yet do not think he balk his health,
but take my cup most moderatlie:
I'll drink, I'll fight, I'll spend my wealth
for *James the Duke of Albanie.*
Of Albanie, &c.

His Highness now to *Scotland's* come
from whence he draws his pedegree:
Why should it not be then the home,
of *James the Duke of Albanie,*
Of Albanie, &c.

Right welcome is He, and no less
his noble *Dutchess* only she:
Lore fill their hearts with thy goodness,
that they may many good dayes see.
Of Albanie &c.

Let Bon-fires burn, and let Bells ring,
let's drink his health upon our knee,
Let *Preachers* pray, and *players* sing,
for *James the Duke of Albanie.*
Of Albanie, &c.

Let Cannons roar, and Trumpets sound,
and let us always joyful be:
Let shouts unto the Skyes rebound,
for *James the Duke of Albanie,*
Of Albanie, &c.

Whilst some will preach & some will pray
for him and his posteritie,
I'll drink all night, I'll fight all day,
for *James the Duke of Albanie.*
Of Albanie, &c.

We cannot fully sing his Praise,
the joy, the hope of our Countrie:
Yet let us loyal be always,
to *James the Duke of Albanie,*
Of Albanie, &c.

Now as I did begin, no doubt,
it's fit each Catch should ended be,
Once more let this health go about.
for *James the Duke of Albanie.*
Of Albanie, of Albanie,

let's all with one consent agree,
And pray still for that Royal Race,
and IAMES the Duke of Albanie.
F I N I S.

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